

CONTROL BROWN ROT

Grimsby Independent

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Grimsby, Ontario, Thursday, January 6th, 1944

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Grimsby Boy Captures Heinie

Experienced Eye Caused Roundup

C.Q.M.S. Edw. House Apprehends Eckhart Brosig, Luftwaffe Prisoner of War After He Had Bluffed His Way Out Of Two Previous Pick-Ups.

HIS THIRD ESCAPE

Carrying Registration Card And Other Documents — Claimed To Be Spanish — Rode The Mail Car — Could Not Fool An Old Vet.

The keen eye and experience of a Grimsby boy and soldier, put a three time escaped German Prisoner of War back in behind the barbed wire, three nights before Christmas.

Credit for the capture of this German aviator goes to C.Q.M.S. Edw. House, whose wife and son Donald, live at No. 3 John street, and his father Austin E. who has just passed the 50th milestone, and his good wife, live at No. 14 John street.

In the three attempts to break prison camp that Eckhart Brosig has made successfully, this last one was the most successful and most successful of all. His first appearance at liberty was when he surprised the mail clerks on the Timmins-North Bay southbound train, when he appeared in front of them. (Continued on Page 7)

Grimsby Boy Seen In News Reel

Lance-Bombardier Jack Sutherland Pictured Marching Down a Road in Italy.

A lot of Grimsby people got a great thrill and a kick out of the News reel at Moore's Theatre on Wednesday and Thursday night.

The reel showed scenes of a large batch of Canadians landing in Italy, along with the middle scene who showed them marching down a road with his company, and Lance-Bombardier Jack Sutherland, as large as life and twice as natural.

Jack is the son of Mrs. N. E. Sutherland, Robinson street south, and a brother of "Jackey" Sutherland, Clinton township. He has been overseas over two years being a member of a battery commanded by Major Art. Duggan of North Grimsby, and accompanied by a large number of other Grimsby boys.

Stork Fell Down On His Job

Vital Statistics For 1943 Show That Population Was Certainly Not Increased By Access Of Babies.

If the population of Grimsby increased in 1943, it was not because the stork did anything to help. The drop in births in the town over 1942 was tremendous.

Dan Cupal and his little bow and arrow did not do so badly, there being only a slight difference in the number of marriages for the comparative years.

The Grim Reaper neither increased nor decreased his figures of the previous year. Figures for the two years as compiled by Clerk G. G. Bourne, are as follows:

	1942	1943
Births	13	75
Deaths	23	22
Marriages	35	41

LINCOLN COUNTY PRACTICALLY DESTRUCTIVE HOOLIGANISM AT CLEARED OF DEBENTURE DEBT THE CEMETERY SKATING POND

Debenture For \$9,203 Paid Off On Monday — At Present Total Debt Is \$34,200, Of Which \$25,000 Will Be Paid In October.

Last Debenture For \$9,200 Will Be Paid In January, 1945 When County Will Be Absolutely Debt Free.

Lincoln County came within \$34,200 of being totally debt free on Monday.

After struggling since the last war under a heavy debenture debt, which annually sapped the county ratepayers with a levy on interest and principal charges for the sinking fund, the county began to see light this week.

A serial issue of \$9,200 came due Monday and was paid. Last of 10 annual payments on this issue will be made next January 2nd, which will wipe out completely the county debenture debt. The issue was made 10 years ago to help build provincial highways, and a tenth of the debt has been paid each year.

Only one other debenture remains to be retired before next January, and that is a \$25,000 debt incurred 20 years ago to pay for county roads. Most of the money for this payment has already been raised over a period of years and is in a sinking fund awaiting the due date, next October 14.

When this amount is paid off in October then the county debt will be reduced to \$25,000, which will be paid in January 1945 and the county will be entirely free from debenture debt.

Our County Town Breaks Records

1943 The Most Outstanding Year In History Of The Garden City In Financial Way.

Financial records lay in broken heaps about the council chambers in St. Catharines' Municipality. Building last week as the 1943 city council left after one of the most outstanding years in the history of the Garden City.

Finance Chairman A. A. Z. Coombs, summing up the year, reported:

Plus for the year, \$39,442.77.
Least taxes collected in 20 years.
Lowest debenture debt in 40 years.

Lowest net debt in over 50 years.
Lowest per capita debt in Ontario.

Lowest tax arrears in 22 years.
Highest assessment in history.

Lowest general tax rate since 1915.
One of lowest per capita tax rates in province.

1944 Holidays

Here are the holiday dates and days in Leap Year, 1944. First we have February 17th, that is the Editor's birthday, and will be a big snow-out. Good Friday comes on the 7th of April and Easter Sunday on the 9th. Victoria Day comes on a Wednesday, Dominion Day on a Saturday, and Civic Holiday on Monday, August 7th. Labor Day will fall on Sept. 4th and October 9th will likely be Thanksgiving Day. Armistice, Nov. 11th, comes on a Saturday and Christmas on a Monday.

Three Airmen Brothers



The above trio are sons of George and Mrs. Spencer, Ridge Road east, North Grimsby, all of them members of the R.C.A.F. From left to right, they are George, Jr., Eng-Mechanic; Sergt.-Air-Gunner Kenneth, overseas; L.A.C. John, who has just recently landed in England. George Spencer, the father is an original veteran of the 19th Batt. in the last war and spent four Christmases in Europe, one of them in Germany. Mrs. Spencer was an English war bride, arriving in Canada in 1912.

FRUIT BY AIR

There is not much doubt but that the war with Germany will be over in 1944, and not too far along either. Then the big sweep against Japan will start and that will soon wind up.

Therefore it's about time we started doing a little planning on our post war air transportation of fruit. Our incoming council will no doubt be asked questions throughout the year about post war projects.

The one big question that we should be getting busy on, is the construction of a landing field for big transports that will eventually carry Grimsby peaches and other fruits to the 99 corners of the earth. Our councils will have to bear their share of responsibility in the planning and building of this field.

Our fruit growers have to get busy and do something. They can not sit idly by and say "Let George Do it" or they will find themselves without European markets. Market will be gobbled up by other districts, even though they produce an inferior grade of fruit. Our fruit growers must be prepared to put up from \$200 to \$500 a piece to put over this project and they will undoubtedly get their money back a thousandfold.

We must be the first district to put fruit on the Continental markets. We have the pilots and the ground crewmen. We can easily get the transports that will place Grimsby berries, cherries, pears, peaches, plums, grapes and tomatoes in London or Coventry overnight.

The big Peach King transport can take off from Grimsby airfield at seven p.m. with 40 tons of peaches. Arrive in London eight hours later. Deliver 8,000 six quart baskets at a \$1 a basket instead of 10 cents, and be back home again for supper.

A fruit grower can deliver his fruit to the airfield packing house just as easy as he can to any other packing house. It's simply a case of from the tree or the bush to the packing house, to the plane, to London. But we must be ready to go when the war is over.

It is almost a year now since The Independent first introduced this subject. We had faith and vision then. We have greater faith and vision now.

(Continued on page 7)

Grimsby, (Eng.) Jan. 1, 1944

GRIMSBY INDEPENDENT,
Grimsby, Ontario.

New Year's Greetings To All

GRIMSBY NEWS,

Grimsby, England.

Exhaustive Report Very Informative

Condition In The United States Became Very Acute — Drastic Measures Had To Be Taken — Great Results Have Been Obtained.

WE CAN DO IT TOO

Growers Undertook To Carry Out A Complete And Minute Program Of Orchard Sanitation — Brown Rot Is No Longer A Problem.

By George Marr,
Niagara-Packers, Ltd.

Should any virtue be found in this report which deals with the brown rot problem and effective measures adopted for its control by growers in certain sections of the United States, the credit belongs to Mr. Lloyd Carpenter a native of this district, who supplied much of the information himself and who spared neither effort nor expense in making it possible for me to find out all there was to find out about how this serious problem had been dealt with.

Mr. Carpenter, a son of C. W. F. Carpenter, holds a very responsible position with the largest marketing agency in the United States, so far as farm produce is concerned and was instrumental in having effective measures adopted for the control of brown rot in those sections of the United States where the situation had become a serious one.

In order to find out what methods had been adopted to effectively deal with the Brown Rot problem, I visited the states of Maryland, West Virginia and Virginia, where weather conditions are somewhat similar to conditions prevailing in the Niagara Peninsula, and where there was and still is in some orchards heavy and serious infestations of Brown Rot.

The conditions there became so acute the American Growers Association, the largest marketing organization in the United States so far as farm produce is concerned, decided something had to be done, and sought the co-operation of the best pathologist they could. (Continued on page 7)

Sergt. In R.C.A.F. Called To Army

Local Lad Enlisted Over Three Years Ago — Given Alternative Of Joining American Forces.

Some day Ottawa is going to get caught up with itself, in the matter of calling men for the army.

Grimsby had another example last week of the utter lack of complete records of the young manpower of the country and where they are and what they are doing. A Grimsby boy who has been in the R.C.A.F. for three years and three months, and has worked his way up to the rank of a sergeant, received his call to report for medical examination for the army.

The draft board was very nice about the matter (?) as they offered him the alternative of enlisting in the United States forces, he having been born in the States, coming to Canada as a baby. These facts of course they secured from his registration papers which he filed in August 1940, just previous to enlisting.

Township Council Has Long Record

Five Members Have Given 73 Years Service To Municipality — Clerk Allan Has Served 46 Years.

The five members of North Grimsby township council, returned by acclamation for their eighth consecutive term as a body, have an aggregate municipal service of 73 years.

Thomas Allan, municipal clerk and guiding hand at the council meetings, has a total of 46 years to his credit, this making a total of 119 years for the six men.

Mr. Allan, incidentally, reeve of the township for years.

Door Torn From Hinges And Toilets Otherwise Damaged — Benches Placed On Ice Froze In And Had To Be Chopped Out.

ICE IS GOOD

No Trouble In Day Time When Supt. Cloughley Is There — Rowdiness Must Stop Or All Skating Will Be Prohibited.

There is a nice sheet of ice on the cemetery pond, and the kids of the district have had a lot of healthy fun there during the holidays, but this privilege is liable to be cut off, unless some of the rowdy tactics of the older boys and girls cease.

During the day when Supt. Andy Cloughley is working around the cemetery there is no trouble. It is at night that the damage is done.

At the edge of the pond there are two benches, provided for the use of skaters, in changing their shoes. On two occasions, at night, these benches have been shoved out on the ice and left there, with the result that they "froze-in" and had to be chopped out.

Last week the door on the toilet was torn from its hinges and a quantity of siding on the outside of the building ripped off.

Councillor Bull, Chairman of the Property committee states, that unless this destructive hooliganism is not stopped at once, the pond will be closed to all skaters, large and small. He does not wish to take this drastic action, owing to the fact that the Arena is not operating, and there are very few places in the district where the kids can go and skate, but unless the rowdiness stops, the pond will be closed.

Provincial Police Open New Offices

Have Taken Up Quarters In Municipal Building — Will Handle Traffic As Well As Police Work.

Grimsby detachment of the Provincial Police moved into their new office in the municipal building on New Year's day.

The two officers stationed here, Constables E. C. Bowen and Ernest Hart, will be in charge of provincial police investigations in the townships of North Grimsby, Clinton and South Grimsby and will also handle accidents on highway No. 8 and the Queen Elizabeth Way from the Westwell county line east to Vineland.

Constable A. E. Reilly has taken over duties in the Smithville area and will police the townships of Caustar and Gainsboro as well as handle traffic on highway No. 20 from Westwell county line east to the Welland county line and highway No. 37 from Blamark to Wellandport.

Until such time as he can secure a house at Smithville, Constable Reilly will continue to reside in Grimsby.

December Weather

December was a very favourable month for the farmer. Rainfall for the month, 57 inch. Lowest temperature, Dec. 16th, 8 degrees above zero.

The Grimsby Independent

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FACTS & FANCIES

Frank Fairborn, Jr.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR CITIZENS?

Grimsby is without a complete council for 1944. We have a Mayor, a Reeve and four Councillors. We are short two members of that most important body because some two of 14 nominees for the position, declined to qualify for office after being nominated.

A local wag suggests that we might apply to Neighbour Geo. P. Weir of the Selective Service and have him order two men to fill the seats.

But the situation is no joke. As a matter of fact it is a bad situation and goes farther than just the fact that we are short two council members. It reverts back to the fact that since our town has arrived in the enviable financial position that it enjoys, that our ratepayers have become too smug and complacent.

This is a question that our citizens should give some serious thought to. They must realize that in 1938 our tax rate was 63 mills and in 1943 was the lowest for any town in Ontario at 29 mills; that we have the best paying Hydro System in the province; that our Waterworks System is a money maker; but that we cannot in all our municipal prosperity sit back and let the whole works go to rack and ruin again.

These are war years and we must be constantly on our toes in the operation of all our municipal bodies. We must continue the splendid work of the past six years, so that when the post-war days arrive we will be able to carry on the many works that will be necessary, without appreciably increasing our tax rate.

I am not inclined to place any particular blame on Anderson and Aiton for not qualifying. They have given the town three years of very valuable service. I am not inclined to blame ex-Mayor Lewis or ex-Reeve Wilkins for not qualifying. They have given the town years of their service. I am more inclined to blame the other nine men nominated, as they have never yet given the town any of their services.

On the whole the ratepayers in general are really to blame. In their smugness they are willing to sit back and take all their good municipal fortune for granted. It is time that they woke up and realized that if Grimsby is to continue its present state of prosperity, that they must do their share. Not leave it all to a few men, when when something like the present incident occurs, go running around in circles, like Walt West's hound dog chasing its tail.

Get busy, citizens, and see that two good, live wire, young businessmen are nominated and elected by acclamation, at the new nomination that will have to be held.

HANDSOME TOWNS

In some towns draw in new people for work and business. Industrious and prosperous folks like to settle in such a place, for they feel the work and business chances will be good, and there will be good opportunities and advantages for themselves and their children.

It is a fine thing for a town to have beautiful and artistic homes and impressive business buildings, all which show prosperous business places and homes, and yet be a town where the people take good care of themselves and their children.

HERE'S AN IDEA

Our Government says, Economize! No Luxury!

What is considered a Luxury? Anything you can do without.

Well then, what about the Senate? We could get along without that.

THEIR FIRST CHOICE

Flight Officer Frances Douglas, an officer of the Women's Division, R.C.A.F., recently took a poll of the women in that service to find out what they wanted most for Christmas, and her findings were sent out by the Canadian Press.

The first choice was the home town newspaper. And the reason given was because it kept them in touch with their homes. Especially was this so when letters failed to reach them. The home paper always gave a general summary of all that went on in the town and district, and covered a wider field of persons and events than a personal letter could possibly do.

Other choices in their order were lingerie, cosmetics and colognes, but not perfumes, housecoats, slippers, silk stockings in airforce color, small radios, fruit cake and chocolates.

But first and foremost among the many choices — The Home Town Newspaper.

AFTPOWECTFM, INC.

It has been going on long enough! It is time to call a halt! Even lowly man will turn! And, since in union there is strength, it is time for all men who received ties from their wives for Christmas to come to their own aid and form an Association For The Prevention Of Women Buying Christmas Ties For Men, Inc.

It can't happen by accident. There must be a deep, well-laid plot to foist on men concoctions of color and fabric in the form of ties that men dare not wear. And, what is worse, if there is to be peace at home, dare not fail to wear.

It may be all well and good for a man to wear the tie once and then tell the woman the tie is so precious he is saving it for only the most important occasions. And then hope that the dear soul loses her memory and the tie stays at the bottom of the chiffonier drawer. But some wives have good memories. And they carry on and even weep because hubby doesn't love her any more. And if he did love her, he would wear that simply grand tie she spent hours in picking out. What with the pushing and crush in the shops before Christmas, it was a real sacrifice for her. And her feet were so sore. And now he won't even wear the tie. And what is the matter with it anyway? That chautauque and commando green choice was the most elegant she could find.

There has been a deep, dark suspicion for many years that every manufacturer of fabrics has been part of a huge conspiracy. We are convinced this is the way it works: The manufacturer picks all the odds and ends he can find no further use for. They may be of celanese, rayon, satin, silk, homespun, cotton, corded silk, or even velvet. Then, with a beam in his eye, he says: "Ha-ha. Women are the buyers. Women love shocking pink, kelly green, luggage tan, winter white, yellow, and a combination of them all. And women do the shopping. Man is defenseless. So now we have it."

Then he calls in a designer who spent half his life in a mental hospital and a quarter of the rest hunting for the pot at the end of the rainbow. He lets him loose on the fabrics piled up in the corner: the pastel shades, the orchids, cerise, lipstick reds, burnt orange, dusty (dirty) pink, alicia blue, purple, yellow and reds.

The result is what we get for Christmas.

Karl Marx once called on the workers of the world to rise. "You have nothing to lose but your chains," he said. But what are chains when compared with the Christmas ties men have to wear? Is there any greater mark of man's drop in the ladder than wearing one of those ties?

Now this has been on our mind for years and years. But there is always the last straw. And that was when a friend called us into his room. With tears of frustration in his eyes he showed us a tie. It took our breath away. His wife said it was "a really divine tie."

It was quilted, pink satin. It was dotted with pale blue forget-me-nots. It was reversible, lined with pale yellow chintz!

That was the unkindest cut of all. It was only then that we decided on revolt. So far we have been meeting in cellars. And with the rationing it is a dreary meeting place. But duty drives us forward. We must unite. AFTPOWECTFM is our password.

CANADIAN PARATROOPER TRAINING CENTRE



'WAY BACK WHEN

Frank Fairborn, Jr.

GRANDPA

Our grandpa's here for holidays—He has such gentle, old-world ways, When he sits in an easy chair The old and young folks gather there. His mien is cheerful, meek and kind, His manner courteous, refined; His white hair flows in a thread To where his Byron collar spreads; It's bound, in spite of him, to curl; His blue eyes challenge evil churl; On men and women, dogs and all, His life-learned wisdoms, spoken, fall. He tells breath-taking old sea tales Of misadventured men and fighting whales; Whatever may be of tin or trouble, It vanishes for him, a bubble. Splashed upon the road of yesterday. He helps us with our work and play. At meal and bedtime he says prayers And gives God thanks; asks help for ours. I hope that my 'so boys will be, When they are old, as fine as he!

THIS WEEK we will allow that clever writer of olden days' tales regale you. The heading "So Long—Corset Counter," Scribner writes as follows in the Canadian Statesman of Bowmanville:

When we were a young gaffer Timothy Eaton had just got his store going. Our mother used to

"WHILE YOU WAIT"

Canada's civilian morale is being mightily bolstered by "foot soldiers" of a somewhat different type—not the mud-marching, weapon-carrying, infantrymen who are winning battles and, but the unarmed and un-militant shoe repair man at home.

Gasoline restrictions which set much of the Nation to walking for short distances, have greatly increased the demand for the cobbler's services and the world literally is "beating a path to his door." The somewhat dingy sign: "Shoes repaired while you wait" has disappeared from his window, swept away by an avalanche of unfinished work. Never has the cobbler labored longer or harder.

It hasn't been a case, as with most shopkeepers, of throwing in emergency clerks when business is brisk; like the soldier, the shoe repairman must undergo long and careful training and there are few apprentices.

Although prices of repairs have not increased in proportion to rising living costs, and although he has had ample opportunity to take more remunerative positions in war plants, the shoe repair man has seemingly decided to "stick to his last" and continue to serve those upon whom he has so long depended for a modest livelihood. Perhaps in a less hurried day his wartime service is keeping the country shod at a time when shoes were and to come by will be accorded deserving recognition.

drag us thru it like a little girl dangles a dummy doll. Later we toddled... Eventually trod it ourself.

We were never less at home at the Corset Counter than in the harness department... Both we knew well. A woman would survey the plaster-of-Paris busts and after consulting an one of them for a while, she would persuade herself that it was the image of her own... Thus she arrived at the length of corset to suit her. Ordering it was a cinch.

The straight-jacket... with 7 or 8 miles of laces is wrapped up and away she goes. When she gets home she un-does the parcel... takes the steel girder out and holds it around her sides. Bracing herself to the bedposts she gets her sister-in-law to lace her in. Then she's all set.

A few years go by and Advertising begins to take the place of the "Saucy and Moody" hymn book. A woman reads about the form "divinely fair"... her own form is fair. So off comes the plaster-of-Paris busts from the Corset Counter, and back into a little room the customers are coaxed to have their figures considered and commented upon... then fitted accordingly.

Later with the advent of show cases and fancy dresses of one kind and another, the up-to-date store keeper fills them with Elastic Hug-me-tights... green garters... transparent breast plates... and pink panties that are so short you might as well forget them.

This was only the start. With the marvellous changes in store decorations and modernization... hidden and subdued lights, etc... all the latest form fitting regalia and shiny seduction garments for sale, are right out in the open to arrest and allure.

The floors that were pine two rows covered with a cushiony carpet... the pile as high as a half thick. A man who enters one of these departments today... no matter how innocent the reason for his being there... feels as if he were in a strange woman's bed-room.

JUST FOR TONIGHT

Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight, Give me long hair again just for tonight; Let me get busy ere memory fades. Washing my tresses and doing up braids, Let some beau call for me driving a horse, Every buckboard would not be so worse; Let us come trotting back, me at his side, Let me say "Thanks for the old buggy ride." Let me give parties where all behave well, Proper in manners or stories they tell; Let some dancer with devious grip, Waltz me around with no flash on his hip; O let me rest from this soul-biting pace, Throw away compact and cigarette case; Turn out the radio, let me expand, Playing sweet airs on the upright or grand; Let me wear skirts that are down to my heels, Put on a bridle and see how it feels; How I'd love low heels, regardless of height, Give me my corsets back just for tonight.

A hicktown is a place where people think a merchant should sell them things without the coupons because they belong to the same church.

Then there's the sad plight of the kid who couldn't tell the boss his grandmother died—she was working there as a riveter!

